

Kiken'na ShinzÅ•

by Same-Esa

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## 1. Chapter 1

A/N: Don't really know what to put here ^^;; First story on here so please excuse my mistakes.

>Saho is an OC, I chose her name specifically because it's different and as opposed to most names today her name is written in Hiragana rather than Kanji, which I found pretty cool. I have yet to fully develop her personality so updates may be slow. Also, this contains a few<strong> spoilers<strong> about Senhime that are within the Hakuouki game.

I apologize for how fast paced Saho's mind seems to be but I'll try to adjust that later. ^^;;

In no way do I own the original show/game, though I do own Saho and this story.

\* \* \*

><p>Slipping her hands into the sleeves of her Yukata she lazily made her way down the hall. The heat surrounding the area was bothersome, strangely enough it'd been unusually hot these past couple of days leaving her in a yukata despite the fall season. Then again, Kyoto conditions had been similar this time of the year as well. Finally making it to her destination, she got onto her knees at the door before knocking. She heard a sound of approval before sliding the door open and gliding herself in slowly.<p>

"Senhime-sama," she murmured keeping her eyes trained on the ground. It was rare for the said lady to visit this area.

"Saho-san," Senhime greeted back smiling gently at the smaller girl. Not only their statuses were different so was their attire. Where

Saho wore a yukata, her hair pulled into twin tails and no jewelery, except those she'd done herself along her ears; Senhime wore layers in her kimono, her make-up set to perfection covering the minor amount of scars she possessed, along with her jewels which adorned her hair, neck and wrists.

Trying to avoid sounding rude Saho slowly looked up to meet the eyes of the royal woman before her, "May I ask, what your business is here?" Glancing around she noticed Kimigiku's lack of prescence. That was rare...

A small giggle escaped her mouth as she stared at Saho, "straight to the point are we? Ah, but yes. My business here..." she trailed off in thought before training her gaze directly on Saho. "Kimigiku and I would rather you travel North with us."

What did she just say?

Saho's brow furrowed as she stared at the high-ranking woman.

"Why?" Saho inquired fidgeting with the fabric over her knees. It wasn't that she wouldn't enjoy traveling with her highness it was just strange that a simple house-keeper would be invited to do so.

"There's a young demon, attempting to court pure-blooded demon women. It's not that he's courting them that's the problem per s

Ã©, it's the way that he goes about it," Senhime said, a light frown coming onto her face. "Rather than going about it gently he's trying to force women to submit into his courtship proposal."

Letting out a quiet laugh Saho covered her mouth keeping her dexterity pleasant. In all honesty she was offended, yet pleased. Offended that her highness had so little faith in her strength, and pleased that her highness would care so much for her safety.

"As honored as I am for your concern, Princess, there's truly no need to worry. If I remember correctly most people here are trained to believe I'm partially human," \_similar to you highness.\_ The last bit thought to herself.

It was unknown to most people but the princess was not full demon. Somewhere along the line a relative of hers had mated with a human.

"See, that's what I'd thought as well. Most are unaware of your pure heritage but this demon... he'd found out about another demon that had been long since gone for years. All the sudden he attempted to court her. Only recently he gave up seeing as she is currently being courted by a worthy human in his eyes." Nodding Saho thought back to the rumors she'd heard recently. Could it be the Yukimura woman she'd heard about recently? It had to've been.

"I thought you would've been safe here but I believe word got out about you recently and your wherabouts. It'd be best if you came with me to avoid possible problems... Kimigiku is currently checking the area to find out more information about him."

Saho sighed staring down at the ground. She would be fine. As strange

as it would sound, she'd been trained in her early years in assassination before female demons had become rare. The slaughter of them... had been horrifying. She'd only been a few years past tyke age but she remembered the scene she'd witnessed after the slaughter.

They had to've been poisoned of some sort first, that's the only way so many demons, albeit female, could've been killed so easily.

All it had been was an alliance meeting. Women, were generally the ones to handle those. To handle the arranged marriages, and it'd been in the Yukimura estate. Saho had been with her elder brother at the time, simply on there way to the meeting before her brother had smelled the blood.

He told Saho to stay back, that she shouldn't of moved from the shrine a mile or two off but she'd followed blindly anyways...

Forcing down the thoughts she smiled at Senhime, "truly, I appreciate your concern, but as you've most likely heard, my brother will be home within a couple of days to introduce his fianc

Ã©."

Sighing Senhime seemed troubled. "Alright... until your brother arrives, I would like to stay, just for a confident state of mind..."

"Of course Princess, I'll have a room set up immediately."

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><p>Again I apologize ^^;; I know Senhime was friendly towards Chizuru but I figured that's because in a way Chizuru's improper since she didn't grow up around demons like I've made Saho.<p>

Saho is from the Kyoto region but currently she's in the Ryá¿;kyá¿; Kingdom, which I believe is slightly warmer then Kyoto.

I know yukata's are generally worn in the summertime, but Saho is more lax about her appearance and since she's a demon I portray her to have a higher standard of body temperature. Although it could be considered disrespectful that she didn't doll herself up for Senhime, she respects her, she simply doesn't see any reason for her to change her daily wear for someone, when it's nothing that was planned ahead of time. She keeps herself quite plain, and although that's similar to Chizuru, she'll indulge herself in more manly things throughout the story, and have a harsher temper.

Her bits about assassination is generally just defensive techniques now, since it was a long time ago, and once female demons had become rare she was forced into a coddled life. Also the bit about the slaughter, I don't know if that's accurate I just thought it'd fit along the story line. In this none of the Shinsengumi have died nor has Kazama. So it most likely won't fit along \_a few\_ facts pertaining to the actual storyline.

I truly hope she doesn't seem Mary sue.

Please review ^^

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Incuse this isn't obvious, I don't own Hakuouki is anyway, shape or form. I simply own Saho.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong><span>Chapter 2<span>\*\*

Rolling a rock on the cement presented before her Saho sighed. Nothing was ever interesting any more. Senhime had left within 3 days of her arrival seeing as Naoki, Saho's elder brother, arrived with his bride to be, Okimi. After that they only stayed a few weeks before abandoning her with the large compound by herself to live with eachother.

Laying her head on the wooden bit before her she stared out in the distance. It wasn't to be nonchalant or anything but... simply because watching the occasional person passed by brought her some sort of enjoyment. It proved that she wasn't alone here, that her world was seperated from the rest. Though, it was well past the usual timeframe for people to visit

True, Naoki began to visit often but it'd been over a week since his last visit and the compound was quiet when you were alone... Cursing slightly Saho stood up. It would do her no good to mope around and wait for her brother. She'd simply have to find her own devices of entertainment.

With that thought in mind she made her way to the backyard. It was almost sundown, and where as most people would be well into their beds right now, Saho suddenly found herself restless. Most times, she was able to act the part of a human and go to sleep when it was deemed appropriate but... a foreboding seemed to haunt her. This wasn't the first time she felt it. To her, it was almost as if someone was watching her and simply waiting for an oppurtunity to strike.

But when wasn't there an oppurtunity to strike? She was always left alone to the large area. All servants had long since left her, saying the house seemed dead. How was she supposed to make it come to life when nothing interesting happened around her? When they'd been placed in near nowhere, which provided little entertainment to this droll house.

Feeling annoyance prick at the thought of those people who'd abandoned her as she sneered at a tree. Maybe she should've gone with Senhime, leave her brother to worry and panic over her. It'd be funny. His sense of loyalty had recently become less then that of a hu-.

Cutting off her mind track she shook her head. Her temper always seemed to peak in the dead of the night when no one was around, but it would do her no good to start thinking such strange things. Careful of her yukata she stepped onto the frost bitten grass. It'd completely skipped her mind as to how cold it was until she stared blatantly at the ground.

Generally the weather stayed contently warm, even during the winter, so why was it that the grass was so cold and the air seemed so frail?

Spreading her toes through the grass she stood still for a moment before making her way to the small pond that had been built. Small chunks of ice rimmed the tiny pool and slowly she reached down. Splashing some of the cool water onto herself she sat back and leaned into a rock.

What could she do? Nothing seemed to ever amuse her any longer... Maybe it'd been years of being cooped up in such a bland area but what point was there to stay? Then again... if given the opportunity would she leave?

Most likely not. It was never truly anyones fault she remained here, she could leave at any moment but the thought of leaving and entering the unknown... it horrified her.

Tugging her knees to her chest she leaned her cheek onto her knees watching as her breath made puffs that looked like smoke. Maybe she should just stay here and see who bothered to notice that her house looked unattended, just stay in the same spot and wait for someone... \_anyone...\_ to notice how empty it was.

Closing her eyes she began to drift off, deeming the voices she heard to be part of a future dream or a simple hallucination caused by lack of socialization. She ignored the large warm hands that picked her up, the murmurs of 'is she alive?' had to be fake. Of course, she'd simply gone delusional because of her sheltered lifestyle.

\* \* \*

><p><em>AN: I apologize for the shortness ^^;;  
>I originally wasn't planning on updating. I did have a previous plan for chapter two but had written it off as bland. Though I noticed I had two follows on the story and figured I might as well type something up for it.<br>I would appreciate it if you gave me any ideas or examples as to how you'd like Saho to act I guess? I've left her personality pretty simple as of yet, but perfectly capable of being bent.\_

End  
file.